

# CECIL · ALDIN'S HAPPY · FAMILY





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CECIL ALDIN'S HAPPY FAMILY



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*Being the Adventures of*

Hungry Peter, the Pig

Rufus, the Cat

Humpty & Dumpty, the Rabbits

Rags, the Dog

Master Quack, the Duckling

AND

Forager, the Puppy

*Told by MAY BYRON and Illustrated with many Full-Page  
Pictures in Colour*

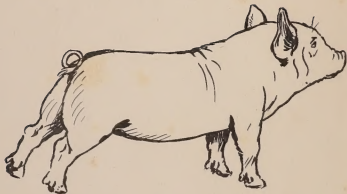
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# **PETER THE SQUEAKER**



PETER was hardly able to speak, ∞ he was so extremely young : ∞ but he cried aloud, “ Week! week! week! week!” ∞ the moment he found his tongue. ∞ Which meant, “ Do hurry, for goodness’ sake, ∞ and give me some milk or jam, ∞ or suet-pudding, or cold beef-steak— ∞ for I’m starving! yes, I am!” ∞ The farmer took him in to his wife, ∞ and said, “ I never did meet ∞ such a hungry piggy in all my life!” ∞ But she said, “ Isn’t he sweet!” ∞ And as long as he had enough to eat, ∞ you may take my word for it, Peter ∞ not only appeared quite mild and sweet,— ∞ but grew daily milder and sweeter.





Helping Hands



## ON SHORT ALLOWANCE





But as time went on, there were other folk ∞ that had to be petted and fed. ∞ The farmer's wife now seldom spoke ∞ to Peter, or stroked his head. ∞ His milk, that used to be a quart, ∞ was now but a pint a meal. ∞ He said, "Can the food be running short? ∞ Oh dear, how famished I feel! ∞ These people want to starve me, that ∞ can be very easily seen. ∞ They do not want me plump and fat, ∞ they want me scraggy and lean. ∞ And my dinners are getting less and less,— ∞ and I am so hungry—Boo-hoo! ∞ I shall go to some kinder people—yes,— ∞ I shall bolt, that's what I'll do!"





In Clover



## FRIENDLY ADVICE



So out he went in the stable-yard : ∞ and a dismal dog sat there, ∞ who blinked at the sun and thought very hard. ∞ “Why, it’s Peter, I do declare,” ∞ said he. “Are you off for a walk, old chappie ? ∞ It’s better out in the front !” ∞ Then Peter said, “Oh, I’m so unhappy !” ∞ and gave a blubbery grunt. ∞ “I never get enough to munch,— ∞ a growing fellow like me ! ∞ Scraps for breakfast, bits for lunch, ∞ and odds and ends for tea !” ∞ The bow-wow gave him a friendly lick, ∞ and said, “Take my advice. ∞ Nobody’s looking—be off ! look sharp ! ∞ The people here aren’t nice. ∞ A bold and brave and venturesome pig, ∞ I’m certain, was never meant ∞ to stick in a kitchen. You’re much too big. ∞ Go, Peter !” And Peter went.







**The Best of Friends**

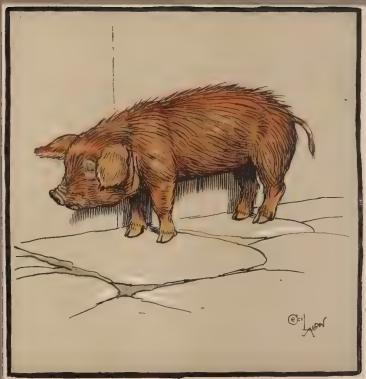


# HUNGRIER AND HUNGRIER



It seemed as if there never had been ∘ such an empty yard before. ∘ Everything all so spotlessly clean, ∘ from gate to cowshed door. ∘ Not one single cabbage-leaf,— ∘ not a morsel of food in sight. ∘ Peter said to himself with grief, ∘ “I might wander here till night, ∘ and never come on a taste of food. ∘ It’s lonely, it’s dull, it’s chilly. ∘ Nothing but stones,—and they’re no good. ∘ I begin to think I was silly ∘ not to have stayed where I was at first. ∘ I can’t go back and beg pardon, ∘ I’m much too proud. If it comes to the worst, ∘ I must go and eat worms in the garden.” ∘ And he wept once more at this dismal thought. ∘ “Nobody loves me, that’s plain! ∘ I must eat worms— if they can be caught.” ∘ And at “worms,” why, he wept again.





The Outcast





# BEAKED AND CLAWED



But just when things seemed dreadfully gloomy, ∘ what was it Peter spied? ∘ A large brown bowl, all deep and roomy, ∘ with a fine hot mash inside. ∘ And he'd hardly swallowed a mouthful there, ∘ when, oh! such a hullabaloo! ∘ Hens saying "Well, I do declare!" ∘ and the cock saying "Doodle-do!" ∘ And down they came with claws and beaks, ∘ and flappety beating wings. ∘ Peter uttered violent squeaks. ∘ "You inconsiderate things! ∘ leave off!" But, as the saying goes, ∘ one might as well whistle jigs ∘ to a milestone. Pecked from tail to nose, ∘ the saddest of all sad pigs, ∘ Peter was driven right away, ∘ by indignant cock and hen. ∘ Yes, Peter had, as you might say, ∘ picked pickled pepper then.





**First Come,  
First Served**



# **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**





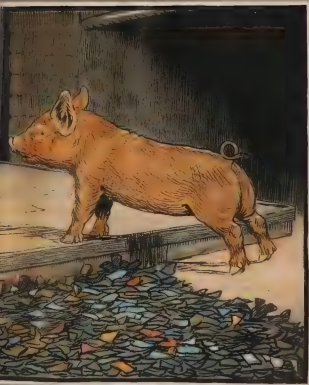
“It seems to me,” he thought with sorrow,  
 “I haven’t found much success. I can  
 try another place to-morrow,— or the next  
 day, more or less. But—what is that  
 lovely smell in the air? Potatoes boiled in  
 a pan? Potatoes! ah, there’s no such  
 fare!” said Peter, as he ran: “I’m  
 feeling very weak and thin,— but oh, I do  
 admire boiled potatoes!” And Peter went  
 in, and sat himself down by the fire.

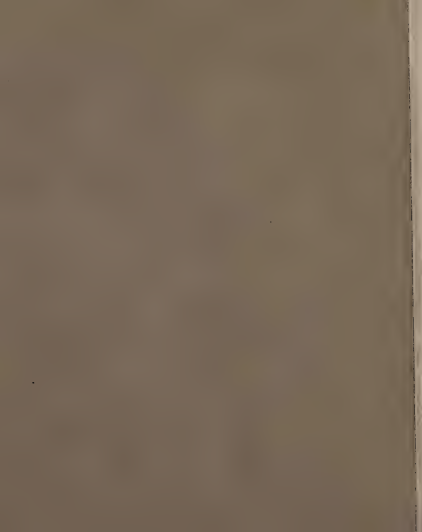






The First Arrival





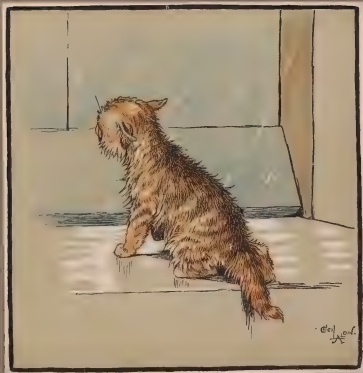
# TRIALS AND TROUBLES





“It seems a very long while ago, ∘ since, shivering out in the wind and snow, ∘ on the farmhouse back-door step I sat, ∘ a poor little caterwauling cat. ∘ They took me in, and, as I must say, ∘ they tried to be kind to me in their way. ∘ Yes, the farmer’s wife was extremely kind. ∘ It isn’t the people themselves I mind, ∘ it’s the pets they keep. For instance, Peter. ∘ The place would be so much nicer and neater ∘ without a pig. A hearth is intended ∘ for cats alone. It would just be splendid ∘ if the mistress took it into her head ∘ to keep it for cats.” That’s what Rufus said.





**Out in the Cold**



## **BAD MANNERS**



“My bowl of milk,—do you think it’s fair ∞ for a thieving dog to follow me there? ∞ However fast I may try to sup, ∞ he goes faster and laps it up. ∞ I’m not accustomed to manners like these. ∞ ‘Excuse me,’ and ‘Thank you,’ and ‘If you please,’ ∞ are the ways that a dog should ask for a drop. ∞ And then he should wait till one likes to stop. ∞ I don’t approve of that dog,—oh no,— ∞ and (quite politely) I’ve told him so. ∞ He is rough, and greedy, and very ill-bred. ∞ No gentleman.” That’s what Rufus said.







Dog Days



## A HUNTING DAY

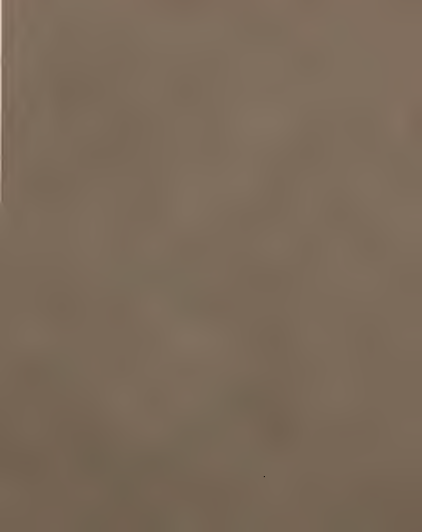


“I shall go in the cowshed now, I think. ∞ I noticed a very curious drink, ∞ an interesting drink, I may say, ∞ by Blossom’s stall, only yesterday. ∞ . . . What do I see ! A mouse ! Hooray ! ∞ Now for a glorious hunting day ! ∞ It’s got a tremendous start, that’s true. ∞ But I think that hole will hold me too. ∞ I will track that mouse to its deep, dark den, ∞ wherever it happens to be,—and then, ∞ at last I shall be properly fed. ∞ Tally-ho ! Hark away !” That’s what Rufus said.





**Full Speed Ahead!**





**FULL STOP**



“My word! it’s vanished clean out of sight. ∞ This wretched hole is dreadfully tight. ∞ My head is through—but the rest has stuck. ∞ Oh dear! now this is most shocking bad luck! ∞ Hunting mice is a very poor trade, ∞ when chinks in floors are so badly made. ∞ Yet people believe themselves so clever. ∞ . . . Shall I have to stop like this for ever? ∞ Half above and half below! ∞ And that mean little mouse is sniggering so, ∞ I can hear it half a yard away. ∞ Hi! somebody help me! Blossom, I say! ∞ Come to the rescue. I’m nearly dead. ∞ Do pull me out!” That’s what Rufus said.





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Hide and Seek



# THE COURTEOUS COW





“Ah! thank goodness! I’ve done it now. ∞ All by myself. You silly old cow, ∞ why couldn’t you give a helping hoof, ∞ instead of lying in there aloof, ∞ munching your hay? I’m annoyed and vexed. ∞ You’d have let that mouse just eat me, next, ∞ and never attempted to help. For shame! ∞ And now I’m ruffled, and bruised, and lame, ∞ your fault entirely. . . . No decent cat ∞ could care for a cow who behaved like that. ∞ What! would you bite me! You savage!—Oh! ∞ Blossom, please, Blossom! Please let me go! ∞ You’re hurting my paw! I was only in fun! ∞ . . . I shall tell the mistress just what you’ve done. ∞ Catch me visiting you and your shed, ∞ ever again.” That’s what Rufus said.





Touch and Go



## A QUIET LIFE



“There’s nothing to choose between them all. ∞ Pigs in the kitchen, and cows in the stall,— ∞ dogs in the manger,—the saucer, I mean, ∞ and all the others, wherever I’ve been. ∞ Still, as long as there’s milk and bread, ∞ one can stand a lot.” That’s what Rufus said. ∞ “Is there milk and bread? I had better enquire.” ∞

So he went in and sat down by the fire.









Pleasant Dreams





# IN DISGRACE



RAGS was white. At least, he had been ; ∞ no credit to him, when just washed clean. ∞ He was just as full of pranks and tricks, ∞ was Rags, as a wood is full of sticks. ∞ He pestered Peter with rude remarks, ∞ he plagued poor Rufus with sudden barks, ∞ he teased the Bunnies till both took fright.— ∞ Then somebody whacked him,—and serve him right ! ∞ So Rags was sulky, and down he lay, ∞ with one eye cocked in a grumpy way. ∞ “I shall just go off on my own,” said he. ∞ “The people here are too faddy for me.” ∞ He crawled along, as a beetle would, ∞ and reached the dairy. So far, so good.







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A. M. N.

**Down in the Dumps**



IN THE DAIRY



The pots and pans that were standing there, ∅ all were empty. “It isn’t fair”—∅ that’s what Rags was inclined to say—∅ “It isn’t fair—and I shall not play !” ∅ But at last he spied—or was it a dream—? ∅ a beautiful bowl of yellow cream, ∅ nicely placed on a dairy-shelf, ∅ where a lucky dog might reach it himself. ∅ Rags was licking his lips with delight, ∅ and softly whispering, “That’s all right !” ∅ when he heard a scramble—he heard a scutter—∅ Someone knocked over a plate of butter. ∅ Someone else was after that cream—; ∅ “And got there first !” cried Rags, with a scream.





"How I Wonder  
What You Are!"





## A BITE AND A SUP



He was up on the shelf in just two ticks.  
◊ A Rat, whom he often had seen by the ricks, ◊ had tumbled head-over-ears, it would seem, ◊ right in the beautiful bowl of cream. ◊ With exciting flounders, and hauls, and drags, ◊ he was soon fished out by the teeth of Rags, ◊ and shaken soundly,—but, oh dear, dear ! ◊ Rags was no match for rats, that's clear ! ◊ or perhaps he was rather off his guard. ◊ The ungrateful rat just bit him hard, ◊ and bolted. As for the cream, it was wasted, ◊ all but a drop. How good it tasted ! ◊ “ Just enough to make one long for more ! ” ◊ sighed Rags. Then—Bang—slam—bang ! went the door.





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**Well Caught!**



## LOCKED IN





## IV

Was ever known such a sad mishap ! ∞  
 There was Rags, the unfortunate chap, ∞ shut  
 up tight in an empty dairy. ∞ It shows one  
 should be exceedingly wary, ∞ with doors  
 about : you never can tell ∞ but they'll bang  
 and lock themselves as well, ∞ just to annoy  
 one. "Bother !" said Rags, ∞ as he ran to  
 and fro on the cold white flags. ∞ And then in  
 a fright he began to yelp, ∞ "Fire ! Thieves !  
 Murder ! Help ! Help ! Help !" ∞ Nobody  
 came. "Oh, how unkind !" ∞ he cried : and  
 he sat by the door and whined. ∞ Nobody  
 came. Then he tried short yaps, ∞ thinking,  
 "They'll notice that, perhaps."— ∞ And just  
 when he'd used up every howl, ∞ and every  
 possible squeak, and yowl, ∞ the dairy-maid,  
 with a besom-stick, ∞ came and bundled him  
 out double-quick.





• Gilpin •

On His Best  
Behaviour



# RAGS AND TATTERS



He went and rummaged about in the shed. ∘ “Goodness ! what have we here ?” he said. ∘ “A plate of cat’s meat, all fresh and nice !” ∘ And Rags had gobbled it in a trice. ∘ “Bread and milk in a bowl, beside ! How they do pamper that cat !” he cried. ∘ “Poor thing ! it’s a shame to stuff it so— ∘ enough’s as good as a feast, you know. ∘ If I finish this bowl, there’s not the least question ∘ I shall save poor Rufus an indigestion !” He was half-way through when he had to pause. ∘ Ten sharp teeth, and twenty sharp claws, ∘ seized poor Rags, with a growl and a hiss. ∘ It’s sad when one’s dinner is stopped like this.







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A Rough and Tumble



## NO PLACE LIKE HOME



“What is the good,” said Rags, in disgust, “of a world full of cats and rats? It’s just made to annoy poor innocent folks, like me, poor fellows fond of their jokes. I shall go straight home,—though dull it may be, it’s the safest place for a pup like me. I’m about as limp as a punctured tyre.”

So he went in and sat down by the fire.

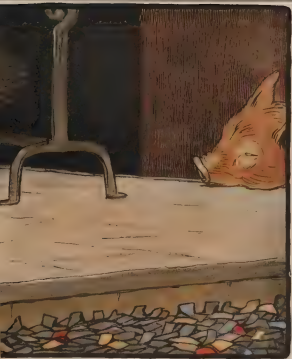






A Cosy Corner







# THE TWINS



HUMPTY and Dumpty lived in a hutch : ∞ they were twins, and they were so very much ∞ alike, that no one, except their mother, ∞ could possibly tell the one from the other. ∞ They were round, and podgy, and white-and-grey, ∞ not very remarkable, anyway ; ∞ still, they both believed what their mother had told, ∞ that they both were worth their weight in gold. ∞ And that is what Humpty and Dumpty thought, ∞ until the moment that they were bought. ∞ Then they said, in looks as plainly as speech, ∞ “ What ! sold for only a penny each ! ” ∞ And Humpty said “ Wah ! ” and Dumpty said “ Wow ! ” — ∞ which meant, “ What will become of us now ? ”





**Sold Again!**





## OUT OF BOUNDS



And now they lived in a hutch, brand-new, ∘ with lots to eat and little to do ; ∘ but they weren't contented—no, not a bit ! ∘ “ It's so dull,” said Dumpty, “ to sit and sit ! ” ∘ Said Humpty then, “ I want more fun. ∘ Let's hook it ! ” No sooner said than done. ∘ They set to work as hard as they could ; ∘ they wriggled and squeezed through the bars of wood, ∘ they made themselves thin, which was dreadfully hard— ∘ and at last—Oh, joy ! they were loose in the yard. ∘ It was simply fine to be free outside, ∘ everything seemed so large and wide. ∘ And presently they came in sight ∘ of a splendid cabbage, all green and white. ∘ They wanted it, but they thought it might ∘ be dangerous—perhaps it would bite.

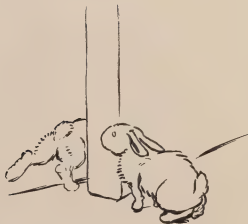




**A Great Discovery**



## CABBAGE AND COURAGE





But the cabbage had no idea of fighting ; ∞ it was Humpty and Dumpty who did the biting. ∞ Nibblety, nibblety, munch, munch, munch,— ∞ they never had had such a lovely lunch. ∞ Nobody came, which was just as well : ∞ not a scrap of cabbage was left to tell, ∞ when Humpty and Dumpty went off, rather slow, — ∞ they were now too fat to go fast, you know ; ∞ and each of them felt as bold and brave ∞ as a Pirate Captain who lives in a cave, ∞ or a Highwayman, or an Indian Chief ;— ∞ there's a lot of courage in cabbage-leaf ! ∞ And Humpty said “ Wah ! ” and Dumpty said “ Wow ! ”— ∞ which meant, “ We are regular rascals now ! ”





The Bitter End



**LOST!**



But they took a wrong turning,—at any rate, ∅ they found themselves soon outside the gate. ∅ The world was so big, and they were so small— ∅ neither Humpty nor Dumpty liked it at all. ∅ They both got dreadfully down in the dumps. ∅ The smallest noises gave them the jumps. ∅ They hit their legs against stones and stumps, ∅ and got their noses all over bumps, ∅ and kept on saying, “I beg your pardon,” ∅ to great big pots which grew in the garden; ∅ and in the end they managed to screw ∅ themselves through the fence, as worms might do. ∅ Somebody came and barked behind,— ∅ which always hurries one up, you’ll find. ∅ And Humpty said “Wah!” and Dumpty said “Wow!”— ∅ which meant, “It’s wretchedly dismal now!”







G. H. W.

**Bumps and Bruises**



# THE BUNNY SPORTS



They were out in a field—they were indeed ! ∞ They recovered themselves with wonderful speed. ∞ They had some Bunny athletic sports,— ∞ leap-frog, obstacle-race, all sorts ; ∞ high-jump, long-jump, and all the rest of it. ∞ It was hard to say who had the best of it. ∞ So they agreed—which was very wise,— ∞ that in every case they'd divide the prize. ∞ Soon they noticed a turnip—the Swedish kind,— ∞ the finest prize one could possibly find. ∞ They rushed to seize it, and then they stopped, ∞ for a shaggy head from behind it popped. ∞ A monster with teeth ! They fled like mad, ∞ and they heard it after them, pad, pad, pad. ∞ And Humpty said “Wah !” and Dumpty said “Wow !”— ∞ which meant, “Help ! help ! we are done for, now !”





**"Hullo, There!"**





**TIRED OUT**



They ran till they got to the open door, ∞  
where Peter and Rufus had come before. ∞  
And Humpty said “Wah !” and Dumpty  
said “Wow !”— ∞ which meant, “Here’s a  
place to be safe in now ! ∞ Nothing to trouble  
us, nothing to tire.” ∞

So they came in and sat down by the fire.







A Growing Family





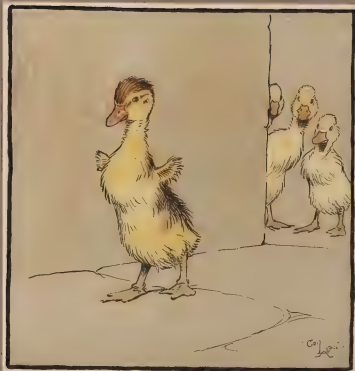


## YOUNG HOPEFUL



THE Quacks were as handsome as they could be, ∘ at least, their Mother said so, and she ∘ ought to know. They had all been nursed ∘ by the farmer's wife, from the very first, ∘ in a basket by the fender, where ∘ there was lots of food, and a nice warm air. ∘ But Master Quack, when he grew a bit bigger, ∘ believed himself a very fine figure: ∘ and as he gazed at his suit of yellow, ∘ he murmured, "I am a Splendid Fellow ! ∘ Why should I live with these common ducklings, ∘ full of stupid gigglings and chucklings, ∘ when I might become almost anything— ∘ from an Admiral to a Duckling King? ∘ I shall leave this house and never come back. ∘ I mean to be great !" said Master Quack.





Off to see the World



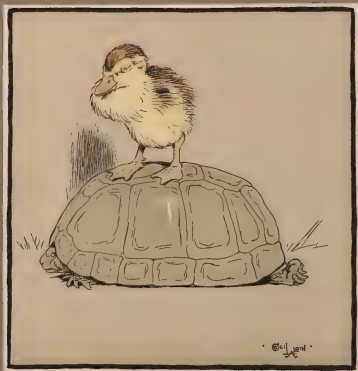
**MASTER QUACK SETS OUT**





Off he strutted : and soon he found, ∞ waddling along in the garden ground, ∞ Joey the Tortoise. “ Ha! I see,” ∞ said Master Quack, “ he’s afraid of me. ∞ Crawling there on his hands and knees! ∞ Here, my good fellow, if you please, ∞ you can take me a ride. I’d prefer, of course, ∞ an elephant, or a prancing horse,— ∞ but just for the present you’ll serve, no doubt. ∞ Now then, look lively ! Get on ! Step out ! ∞ Gee-up, my man ! You seem rather slack. ∞ Do you hear, below there ? ” said Master Quack.





**Fast Asleep**



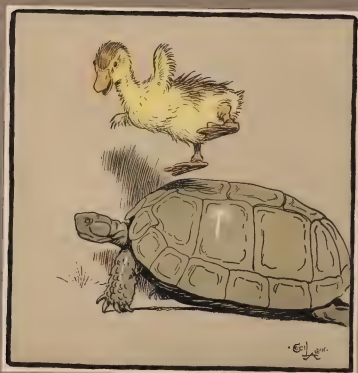
## A RISE AND A FALL



Joey was nobody knew how old— ∞ a hundred years, as I have heard told. ∞ He was very angry, and much offended. ∞ “This sort of thing,” he said, “must be ended. ∞ What! ordered about by a yellow Duck! ∞ Told to look lively! It’s time I struck! ∞ I may as well drop him late as early.” ∞ And looking ever so cross and surly,— ∞ for a Tortoise is always inclined to grump,— ∞ he reared himself with a jerky jump. ∞ Somebody fell, with a bump and crack,— ∞ fell very hard,—it was Master Quack.







Wide Awake



## PECKS AND TROUBLES



“That was shocking!” said Quack in disgust. ∞ “It only shows you oughtn’t to trust ∞ these crawly people. One never fails ∞ to be disappointed in chaps with scales. ∞ Feathers—or fluffs—are the only suits ∞ that are fit for wearing,—and yellow boots. ∞ Here are some very remarkable fowls. ∞ I guess, from their looks, they are Owls—tame Owls. ∞ Wake up, old ladies,—it’s not polite ∞ to snore when a Very Great Person’s in sight. ∞ I am the Very Great Person. Behold!” ∞ Then the Owls woke up, as they had been told— ∞ and they saw Master Quack, just him, no more. ∞ And they lifted their beaks and gave him what-for. ∞ “Peep! peep! what a fearful shame to attack ∞ one of my size!” wailed Master Quack.





An Afternoon Call





## A CLEAN SWEEP



He ran so far and he ran so fast, ∞ to escape the angry Owls, that at last ∞ he found himself at another house. ∞ There wasn't a sign of man or mouse,— ∞ no one in sight, and no one in hearing, ∞ as Master Quack, after safely peering ∞ to and fro, went in through the door. ∞ Various pots were there on the floor, ∞ and he tried to eat some curious stuff ∞ that lay by the pots. It was hard and tough : ∞ in fact, it almost sprained his bill. ∞ And while he was nibbling at it still, ∞ somebody came with a heather-broom, ∞ and roughly swept him out of the room. ∞ If anyone ever yet had the knack ∞ of getting in scrapes, it was Master Quack.





**A Tough Morsel**



# A RETREAT





Downcast, dismal, disheartened quite, ∞ he scuttered left and he fluttered right. ∞ He hadn't a notion which way to run,— ∞ but somehow he hit on the proper one. ∞ By sheer good luck, he got on the track ∞ that led to the kitchen, did Master Quack. ∞ “I do not find it so very pleasant ∞ to be a Great Person,” said he, “at present. ∞ A quiet life is all I desire.” ∞

So he went in and sat by the fire.







Still They Come





## A SNIFF ROUND





“It’s a funny thing,” said Forager, “in fact, I call it a shame, ∘ they should give a harmless dog like me such a hungry sort of a name. ∘ Of course, I have to forage, for nobody thinks there’s need ∘ to get any food for a Forager and it’s very hard lines indeed. ∘ Other folks have their mutton-bones, their milk, their lettuce, their hay,— ∘ everything got ready for them, so nicely, every day. ∘ But, poor unlucky pup that I am,—I always have to go ∘ sniffing here, and nosing there, and pottering to and fro. ∘ Paw to mouth, that’s how I live; and the bother is, you see, ∘ the mouth is large and the paw is small,” said Forager. “Oh dear me !”





Picking up the Scent



## ON THE TRAIL



“Well, now, that’s odd,” said Forager ;  
“I have struck on a sort of trail. ∞ I do feel  
so excited, from the tip of my nose to my  
tail. ∞ I’m remarkably good at scenting  
things, and here is a splendid scent ∞ of  
Irish stew, and no mistake—I can tell which  
way it went. ∞ I’m going to follow the trail,  
right off ; when I’ve tracked that stew to its  
lair, ∞ no knowing what wonderful strokes  
of luck may manage to happen there ! ∞  
Onions, and potatoes too,—I smell them,  
plain as can be. ∞ It makes a fellow so  
desperate hungry,” said Forager. “Oh dear  
me !”







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M. L. L.

In Full Cry



## SELF-HELP



“Hooray ! You’re found !” said Forager, as he stared at the Irish stew. ∞ “You couldn’t escape a dog like me, however much you knew. ∞ All piping hot,—how jolly good ! Yes, stew is decent stuff. ∞ The only bother about it is, there never is half enough. ∞ Now the hunt-breakfast will begin,—or luncheon, should we say ? ∞ I really think my foraging has been a success to-day. ∞ While other folks are petted and fussed, and nursed on someone’s knee, ∞ I have all the fun of the fair,” said Forager. “Oh dear me !”





Caught at last





**ALL GONE!**



“Finished too soon,” said Forager; “just as I feared. Well, well! ∞ Stew is a disappointing thing. There’s nothing left but the smell. ∞ One cannot live on a smell, of course,—not a healthy growing pup. ∞ I wonder, now, if it were wise to gobble all of it up? ∞ The selfish person who meant to have that plate of lovely stew ∞ is probably deeply offended now; I know what I’d better do. ∞ Break the plate—just shove it off,—perhaps this may be rash, ∞ but they can’t expect stew in a broken plate—of course not . . . Now then—Crash! . . . ∞ They’re coming! . . . Well, perhaps it’s time I foraged for something for tea: ∞ it takes so precious long to find,” said Forager. “Oh dear me!”





A Good Day's Work



# THE ORDER OF THE BOOT





“What a very annoying house this is !” said Forager, nose to floor ; ∞ “wherever I go, the silly stew has been that way before. ∞ I can’t discover a sign of bones, nor the tiniest sniff of chop : ∞ not an ounce of steak would ever seem to come from the butcher’s shop. ∞ And I had a most unpleasant adventure, two or three minutes ago. ∞ I went inside the pantry door, not thinking, don’t you know ; ∞ just to admire the scenery—and it couldn’t be believed ∞ what very hard names I got from Cook,—what a boot-toe I received ! ∞ Uncommon hard ! I shouldn’t dream of blaming Cook if she ∞ should step within my pantry door,” said Forager. “Oh dear me !”





Waiting for  
Something to Turn Up



**THE END OF THE DAY**



“I’m just tired out,” said Forager, “with all these ups and downs. ∞ I’m tired of stews that end too soon, and Cooks and kicks and frowns. ∞ I’ve heard there is a place where one can lie and toast one’s toes,— ∞ Rufus, and Rags, and Quack, and Peter have found it, I suppose,— ∞ and even the Bunnies. It is the home of the Happy Familee,— ∞ or words to that effect, I believe,” said Forager. “Oh dear me ! ∞ A little rest, a little peace, is all that I require.” ∞

And last, not least—then he came in, and sat down by the fire.









The Limit











